4 Eng. Theatre vol 95.

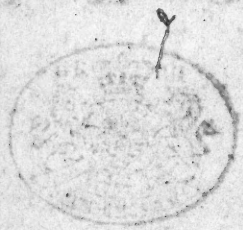
THE

DIVORCE,

A

FARCE.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)



THE

DIVORCE,

A

FARCE:

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLY, AT NO. 46, FLEET-STREET,

MDCCLXXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

AUTHOR and ACTOR diſputing at the Door.

The Author puſhes the Actor on the Stage.

WELL, Sir, with all my heart, ſince that's the caſe,
I muſt, as uſual, ſport this pretty face.
But, witneſs all, I'm thruſt on here by force:
A married man, and plead for a divorce!
On ſuch a ſubject, how can I be witty,
There's honeſt Dick——he'll blab it in the city.
(Looking into the Green Boxes.)
Sly Rogue—he's here, and in the honey moon;
You cannot part with Madam quite ſo ſoon.
Let me review theſe arbiters of wit:
(Looking thro' a Glaſs into the Pit.)
Not one from Doctors Commons, in the pit;
Yes, on yon bench, I ſpy a civil Doctor,
And, ſeated on his left——behold a Proctor!
You're not alarm'd ſure——be not, Sirs, afraid:
Poets were never hoſtile to your trade.
Search the records of Doctors Commons round,
You'll find you owe to Congreve many a pound.
What can this mean? ſays honeſt Madam Drowſey,
Reading the bills, and leering on her ſpouſey:
To night the Divorce——Sweeting, let us go;
We'll never be divorc'd—ſay—ſhall we?---No. (Huſb. ſurly.)
Except I find the Captain here again,
I know what happen'd in the garden-lane.
What happened there, my Deary, was of courſe,
A kiſs he took—but, then it was by force;
Zounds, that's a Prologue to a new Divorce. } Huſband.

In

PROLOGUE.

In higher life, where pleaſure fills the dome,
How vulgar would it be to think of home:
There ſtudy lectures on a married life,
And learn to make a pudding—or a wife.
Suppoſe the Counteſs makes a ſlip to night,
Two hundred guineas ſets the matter right;
The fees at Doctors Commons duly paid,
The wife—hey—preſto—'comes at once a maid:
Breſlaw, *himſelf, muſt ſurely give up this,*
He cannot conjure Madam *into* Miſs;
There's more ſaid of theſe matters than they merit,
Truſt me 'tis nothing to your folks of ſpirit;
'Tis jealouſy diſturbs the vulgar head;
You'll loſe thoſe feelings when you're better bred. (To the Pit.)
The proverb ſays be merry—but be wiſe,
Agreed——we'll now "ſhoot folly as it flies,
"And catch the manners living as they riſe."
With uſeful mirth inſtruct a riſing age,
And prove the true intention of the ſtage;
Critics, if this ſincerely be his plan,
Support the Poet, and applaud the Man.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Harry Trifle, - -	Mr. PALMER.
Qui Tam, - - -	Mr. PARSONS.
Dennis Dogherty, - -	Mr. MOODY.
Tom, - - - -	Mr. SUETT.
Timothy, - - -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Sambo, - - - -	Mr. GRIFFITH.
Servant, - - - -	Mr. HELME.

WOMEN.

Lady Harriet Trifle, -	Miſs FARREN.
Mrs. Anniſeed, - -	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Biddy, - - -	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

THE DIVORCE.

ACT I.

SCENE, a GARDEN,

TOM and BIDDY croſs the Stage.

Biddy in a Paſſion.

VERY well, Sir, very well, as you have delivered the letter from your maſter, I ſuppoſe you have no further buſineſs here---there is the gate open, and I have only one favour to requeſt of you, and that is never to let me ſee your hideous face again.

Tom. Very well, ma'am, very well, I know what you want.

Biddy. You do?

Tom. Yes, I do---you will not conſent to marry me in th common way, but you muſt firſt elope; your mind is fixed on a leap from a three pair of ſtairs window in the night, as if you was taken away by ſtealth, when you know as well as I do, Biddy, that the whole family don't care three pence if we were both at the devil---Beſides, my

dovey, 'tis time enough, when people of faſhion leave off the cuſtom for their ſervants to take it up.

Biddy. I don't care---I will elope if I die for it---is there an acquaintance I have in the world, but what has eloped? Not one, and were they not talk'd of all over the country?---That they were, and in the London News Papers too---There's Dicky Tooth-pick ----there, there's a man of ſpirit for you.

Tom. Who, Dicky Tooth-pick.

Biddy. Yes, he ran away with my friend Miſs Sally Snivel, out of her maſter's houſe in London, at three in the morning---did ſhe not jump out of a three pair of ſtairs window into his arms? And did ſhe not break his collar bone with the fall?

Tom. The devil ſhe did.

Biddy. Yes, ſhe did---were they not taken up by the watch and carried to different priſons? Oh! what delightful difficulties they encounter'd for three months ---did they not all that time correſpond like Ablard and Elveſa? Did they not---but no matter---I poſitively muſt elope, that's flat.

A I R.

With conſent of one's friends to the church to be led,
And made a mere regular wife,
Is ſuch ſober ſtuff---One had better be dead,
-------Eloping is certainly life.

Believe me young man,
That, That, *is the plan,*
A girl of true ſpirit to gain;

Never

Never whimper and ſigh,
Moan, ſob, pine, and cry,
Such nonſenſe is labour in vain.

But like the Knights-errant of old,
Be daring, intrepid, and bold;
Only courage true love can inſpire,
At the ſound of your miſtreſs's name,
At once ſet the houſe in a flame,
She'll fly to your arms, tho' thro' fire.

Tom. This girl has ſaved ſome money, I muſt therefore have her in her own way. (*Aſide*) Well, Biddy, to be plain with you, I was but trying your ſpirit, I'm convinced of it now, therefore have at you; twelve to night you ſay?

Biddy. So then you have caught my fire; you will elope.

Tom. You ſhall ſee me under your window, at twelve to night; however, Biddy, you had better walk out of the ſtreet door than jump out of the window.---This collar bone buſineſs don't ſtrike me as at all neceſſary.

Biddy. Oh!---poſitively, I muſt jump.

Tom. Pray indulge me but this once, and after we are married, you ſhall jump from the top of the houſe if you will.

Biddy. Shall I?

Tom. Upon my ſoul you ſhall!

Biddy. Then I will humour you this once---adieu ---I don't think I hate you, and yet I don't love you half ſo much as Elveſa did Ablard.

Tom. Who the devil's this Elveſa that you are making ſuch a fuſs about?

Biddy. Ah! you don't know---how ſhould you poor ſoul? Never read a book in all his life. (*Aſide*) She was a great tragedy actreſs, and when ſhe ſpoke love, ſhe made "even butchers weep." But then ſhe lov'd *Ablard.* Oh! ſhe lov'd him--mind me Tom. (*Acts*) "Bring me my Lyndamaria! you ſhall not kill her, oh monſter hold thy hand." (*ſeizes Tom*)

Tom. I wiſh you'd hold your's with all my ſoul. Damn it, you'll choak me. Well, Biddy, I give up tragedy, ſo adieu.

Biddy. Farewell, remember twelve.

Tom. Never fear me.

AIR II.

Try me, Biddy, you ſhall find
Your Tom is faithful, juſt, and kind,
Has love, my dear, in plenty;
Altho' the Ton I never knew,
Yet this I ſay, you'll find me true,
As any lad in twenty.

BIDDY.

Since you've conſented to elope,
Indulge a ſomething more than hope,
Good Sir, will that content ye;
If you have love, why, ſo have I,
You'll know it, Thomas, by and by,
Altho' I'm under twenty.

Duett. BOTH.

Then as earneſt of bliſs,
Tom, *Oh! grant me a kiſs;*
Bid. *I grant you a kiſs.*

Tom.

Tom, *Thus bleſs'd my fair nymph with thy charms.*
Bid. *Thus bleſs'd you may baniſh alarms.*

BOTH.

To terror a ſtranger,
We'll brave ev'ry danger:
Tis love, mighty love, calls to arms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An elegant Study.*

Sir Harry *diſcovered reading.*

Sir Harry. "What cloying meat is love when matrimony is the ſauce to it. Two years marriage has debauched my five ſenſes. Every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, every thing I ſmell, and every thing I taſte, methinks has wife in't." If Vanbrugh was living, and had made Sir John Brute a man of faſhion, I never could be perſuaded, but what he meant that character for me. I am married to a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady, and yet I'm weary of her, and for Sir John's reaſon---becauſe ſhe is my wife. If any honeſt gentleman, who is a ſenator, would move for a ſeptennial marriage act; and the legiſlature would take the ſenſe of the nation upon it, I'd lay half my eſtate to a courtier's promiſe, the bill would paſs nemine con. But as Falſtaff ſays, public virtue is not now extant. Well, what's to be done? Muſt we be content with one another untill "death do us part," or muſt we by ſome ſtroke of genius break the chain and enjoy the ſweets of liberty. It muſt be ſo---it ſhall be ſo. But hold, hold, Sir Harry, how, how, can this be done? Nothing ſo eaſy, by a divorce, nothing is ſo common; let the parties but ſettle the buſineſs between them-

themſelves, and a fig for Doctors Commons. I have propoſed it to Lady Harriet, ſhe is delighted at the ſcheme, becauſe it will make her the ſubject of univerſal converſation, and I am no leſs pleaſed at the proſpect of future liberty. I have promiſed to marry her again, which I certainly ſhall not do, altho' I may poſſibly take her into keeping.--This is indeed the *Ton*.

* SIR HARRY.

Our anceſtors wives, ſo neat and ſo trim,
Who for prud'ry and virtue have ſhone,
Look'd ſtately, demure, ſtarch'd, ſolemn and prim,
For no reaſon but 'cauſe 'twas the Ton;
The iil-temper'd ſages may ſnarl at our crimes,
And the vice of the moderns bemoan,
But their grandams ſo chaſte, had they liv'd in theſe times,
Wou'd have join'd in the cry---Vive le Ton.

To the dictates of faſhion all ages muſt yield,
All nations its influence muſt own,
In city, court, chamber, in church or in field,
Ev'ry mortal is govern'd by Ton;
The taſte of the times ev'ry palate muſt hit,
From the poor lowly cot to the throne,
The courtier, the lawyer, the warrior and cit,
All join in the cry---Vive le Ton.

But ſhe comes "o'erpicturing that Venus where we ſee the Fancy outwork Nature."

Enter Lady Harriet.

Lady Harriet. Sir Harry, your ſervant, I'm glad to find you in ſuch good ſpirits; what was the matter with you laſt night my dear? You was vaſtly dull, the company took notice of it.

Sir

* This Song is omitted in the repreſentation.

Sir Harry. Poſitively, Lady Harriet, you treat me cruelly: I call'd out for quarter a thouſand times, yet you poured ſuch an inceſſant torrent of wit upon me, there was no ſtanding before it. Was not this unkind Harriet? *(taking her hand.)*

Lady Harriet. Well, ſince you throw yourſelf on my mercy, I will have compaſſion on you; do reach me a chair, I'm fatigued to death. *(they ſit.)*

Sir Harry. I have this moment, my dear, received a letter from old *Qui Tam*, the Attorney, he'll be here on our divorce buſineſs immediately.

Lady Harriet. That fellow is a ſhocking rogue, Sir Harry, I wonder you will employ him.

Sir Harry. But he's an ingenious rogue, my love, I'll make it his intereſt to be honeſt, and by that means I can truſt him.

Lady Harriet, Well, ſurely, there never was any ſcheme better contrived than ours; we ſhall be the ſubject of every polite circle in and about the metropolis. The plan is entirely novel---Firſt we are to be divorced, then we are to go through a ſecond courtſhip, and then, and then---we are to marry again. Indeed, Sir Harry, your abilities in this inſtance have charmed me.

Sir Harry. (bowing) I am happy, Madam, you approve them.----We muſt do ſomething, my dear Harriet, to diſtinguiſh ourſelves, otherwiſe we may vegetate in the country a few years, and then depart neglected and forgotten. After our divorce, my dear, we'll be ſeen together in a ſide box---I with a face expreſſive

preſſive of the moſt tender emotions---your's apparent indifference.

Lady Harriet. You charm me, Sir Harry, (*they riſe*) and then you muſt whiſper thro' my ſide curl---Theſe curls convey the ſound to the ear, without the perſon who ſits next being able to diſtinguiſh what is ſaid.---It's amazing what ſervice they are of in a play-houſe.

Sir Harry. Really! Well, poſitively, Lady Harriet, I never knew the uſe of them before.

Lady Harriet. I ſhall be delighted, when we are at Ranelagh, after our ſecond marriage, to hear Lady Gabble chatting with her gallant, Count Spindle. What could bewitch Lady Trifle, to marry the man from whom ſhe was divorced---really Count the novelty of this affair recommends it.---Are you acquainted with the family? Are you in the ſecret? The Count replies with a wink, and at the ſame time endeavours to look amorous---ſhe pats him with her fan, and turning on her heel, with an elegant indifference, calls the poor old gentleman a wicked devil, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Harry. Your women of wit, they ſay, ſeldom make good wives; if I obtain this divorce, I muſt be excuſed from nooſing again. (*Aſide*)

Lady Harriet. But really, Sir Harry, I cannot ſee how this divorce is to be obtained; are you acquainted with the forms neceſſary to be comply'd with on theſe occaſions.

Sir Harry. Not thoroughly, my dear, but *Qui Tam* will ſoon explain them: I fancy, if we do not draw the ſtrings of our purſe too tight, we ſhall find

but

little difficulty in going through the buſineſs with expedition.

Enter Servant.

Mr. Qui Tam, the attorney. is below, and waits your pleaſure, Sir.

Sir Harry. Deſire him to walk up. (*Exit Servant.*) Harriet, do you retire preſently, this old fellow will probably be more open when we are by ourſelves.

Lady Harriet. Very well, my dear. (*Takes a Guittar*)

Enter Qui Tam, *appears amaz'd.*

TUNE.

Oh! force me not from him I love,
Oh! let theſe arms enfold thee;
To you I'll ever conſtant prove,
I live when *you behold me.*

Qui Tam. (*Aſide*) Harmony is what I did not expect to find here, I muſt confeſs. Sir Harry, I am the humbleſt of your ſervants, Madam, your's truly.

Lady Harriet. Oh! Mr. Qui Tam, I am very glad to ſee you. (*Sir Harry and L. Harriet talk and laugh*)

Qui Tam. Damn it! they have made up matters I ſee.

Sir Harry. Mr. Qui Tam, ſit down, I want to have ſome converſation with you.

Qui Tam *ſits down between Sir* Harry *and Lady* Harriet.

I conſider myſelf very happy that you are my neigh-

bour, as I am always ſure of having the beſt advice, and at the ſhorteſt notice.

Qui Tam. You do me great honour, Sir Harry---That was the the very ſaying of my old client and patron her Ladyſhip's father---She is ſo like him, I never look in her face but I think of him; her left cheek, the tip of her noſe, and both her eye laſhes, are counterparts of her honoured father's.

Lady Harriet. Oh! Lord, oh! Lord, this critical obſervation of your's, Mr. Qui Tam, convinces me that what I have heard reſpecting your gallantry is a fact.

Qui Tam. Madam! me a gallant, Madam! ha, ha, ha! Oh! that has been over with me a long time; but the recollection of your dear father's memory always draws a tear from me, (*Weeps*) he was the beſt client I ever had, or ever ſhall have.---I have tried thirty cauſes, at niſi prius, for him in one term, beſides having the conduct of fourteen Chancery ſuits, bills of indictment, and informations without number. Sir Harry, my bill came to ſeventy pounds once, for proſecuting a man who took away a hare-ſkin that was hung up in the coach-houſe.

Sir Harry. Indeed! he was a good client with a vengeance.

Qui Tam. He was, indeed, a valuable gentleman---If a man but peep'd through the garden gate, he'd ſend me inſtructions to proſecute him: and then he never was the man to tax my bill---never; (*Weeps*) indeed, when he died, there was 3l. 13s. 4d. due, but you know,

Sir

Sir Harry, I never demanded it; I don't care if it remains due theſe three months.

Sir Harry. That's kind indeed.---I ſuppoſe, Mr. Qui Tam, you have large ſums of money due to you.

Qui Tam. No, no, I have for ſome years, Sir Harry, made it a rule, when I undertake a cauſe, to receive money before hand--it ſaves a great deal of trouble both to the attorney and client.

Sir Harry. (*Aſide*) A good hint for me. (Sir Harry *makes ſigns to* Lady Harriet *to withdraw.*)

You are in the right my good friend.

Lady Harriet. Sir Harry, I muſt take my leave, the family concerns require my inſpection; Mr. Qui Tam, your ſervant. [*Exit L. Harriet.*

Qui Tam. Madam, your devoted--It is a great bleſſing, Sir Harry, to have a domeſtic wife; it ſaves a great deal of money at the year's end.

Sir Harry. Very true---but now to buſineſs---I ſent for you upon an affair of a melancholy nature indeed; but of great conſequence to me and Lady Harriet.

Qui Tam. State the caſe, Sir Harry--I am all attention.

Sir Harry. Briefly thus it is---I muſt be divorc'd from my wife, and you muſt contrive to accompliſh it.

Qui Tam. (*Starts*) You have electrified me---divorced! oh, horrible! put away your wife! and I to be concerned in it! what do you take me for, Sir Harry. (*Walks about ſeemingly in a paſſion.*)

Sir Harry. For a lawyer, a man of ſenſe in your profeſſion, why, Sir, it is the wiſh of Lady Harriet herſelf.

Come, come, be not amaz'd, 'tis done every day you know. (*Puts a purſe in his hand*)

Qui Tam. That's a very ſenſible obſervation, Sir Harry, I muſt confeſs, it is very often done---and the lawyer concerned, only purſues his vocation you know.

Sir Harry. Nothing more---I knew you would conſider the caſe properly.

Qui Tam. You ſee, Sir Harry, how quick I am, I took it in a minute, ha, ha, ha.

Sir Harry. O yes, I ſee you did, ha, ha, ha! what an old raſcal. (*Aſide*) Beſides, Mr. Qui Tam, I have the good of my country at heart in this buſineſs.

Qui Tam. The good of your country, ha, ha! no, no, no, damn it, Sir Harry, that's rather too much---no, no, I cannot ſwallow that for the life of me.

Sir Harry. You may laugh, Mr. Qui Tam, but it's very true for all that; I wiſh to promote marriages in order to encreaſe population; and few people would refuſe to marry, if any ſenſible and worthy lawyer wou'd contrive a way to unmarry them in any reaſonable time.

Qui Tam. Stop, let me ſee---upon my word--give me your hand, Sir Harry, upon my ſoul, that is a moſt ſenſible obſervation: What man would refuſe to take a tenement, when he can give up the leaſe at a ſhort notice, ha, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. Ha! ha! ha! right my friend---you conceive things ſo aptly---it's a pleaſure to talk with you.

Qui Tam. Od's, my life, it's a noble thought, we ſhall have no old maids in future, Sir Harry,---no virgins

gins at ſixty---no diſappointed ladies who live only to breed miſchief, propagate ſcandal, and make a proviſion for a favourite lap-dog.

Sir Harry. Ha! ha! ha! Well! ſaid, my friend, you know, Mr. Qui Tam, when old ladies conceive themſelves in love, the object is generally a *puppy*---ha! ha!

Qui Tam. Ha! ha! ha! What a damn'd ſcoundrel. (*Aſide.*)

Sir Harry. Well, my good friend, only do you contrive a way to unmarry people, and you will have juſt as much buſineſs as Doctors Commons.

Qui Tam. Well, to buſineſs, to buſineſs, how ſoon ſhall we begin, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Immediately---we both wiſh it over as ſoon as poſſible.

Quitam. Why, then we'll begin with the action for crim. con. the firſt day of next term.

Sir Harry. Crim con.---I don't underſtand you.

Qui Tam. Ah! Sir Harry, be not aſhamed, it has been many an honeſt man's caſe---let me know the gallant's name, --- I hope he has got a good eſtate: the damages will do more than clear the expence of the divorce---You will not only get rid of your wife, but be money in pocket. Aye, aye---ha, ha, ha.

Sir Harry. (*in a paſſion*) Why, you old villainous ſcoundrel, do you imagine my wife has been really diſhonourable.

Qui Tam. To be ſure I do.

Sir Harry. Get out of my houſe this moment, raſcal, or------

Quitam.

Qui Tam. Murder! are you mad---don't ſtrike me, or expect the vengeance of the crown office.

Enter Lady Harriet.

Lady Harriet. Wht's the matter, my dear? What's the matter?

Qui Tam. O, Lady Harriet, I'm glad you are come, you have ſaved my life; mercy upon us! this is a pretty way to pay a lawyer for his advice.

Sir Harry. You deſerve the torture, you raſcal.

Lady Harriet. What is the matter?

Sir Harry. That fellow, that old ſheep-ſkin, talk'd of you, my dear Harriet, in ſuch a manner--- In ſhort he inſinuated--- (*Whiſpers L. Harriet*)

Lady Harriet. Mercy on me, Mr. Qui Tam, ſurely you are out of your ſenſes---Sir Harry knows I--- (*Weeps*)

Sir Harry. My dear, you diſtreſs me beyond meaſure, be comforted. (*L. Harriet weeps*) See what you have done, you wretch, but you have no feeling.

Qui Tam. (*Amazed*) It is very diſtreſſing indeed--- well---I never ſaw a man ſo fond of a wife he was going to part with, in all my life before---What roguery there is in the world! (*Aſide*)

Lady Harriet. I'd have you to know, Sir, we were innocently to be divorced, and that we were to marry again, the moment the public began to tire of talking of us---is not that the fact my life?

Sir Harry. Certainly.

Qui Tam. Oh, oh! I beg ten thouſand pardons, it

is

is to be an innocent divorce, only to be talk'd of, is that all?

Sir Harry. To be ſure---what other idea could you entertain?

Qui Tam. Oh, that's quite another caſe---an innocent divorce---ha, ha, ha, an excellent thought! an innocent divorce!

Sir Harry. Retire, my life, I'll be with you preſently.

Lady Harriet. You'll not be long, I hope---adieu.

[*Exit L. Harriet.*

Sir Harry. I ſhall be miſerable untill I am with you.

Qui Tam. Sir Harry, you have miſunderſtood me---I did not mean to inſinuate your Lady had diſhonour'd you, but that an action for crim. con. might be contriv'd, ſufficient evidence given to obtain a verdict, and the Lady be as innocent as when you married her.

Sir Harry. My dear Qui Tam, give me your hand, you are the beſt friend I have in the world.

Qui Tam. This fellow does not ſtart at roguery, when it is in his own way. (*Aſide*)

Sir Harry. But, Qui Tam, how can this be done?

Quitam. I'll tell you---have you a friend you can depend upon?

Sir Harry. Twenty.

Qui Tam. You are vaſtly fortunate in your acquaintance---Let one of them be ſeen in the middle of the night, coming out of Lady Harriet's chamber, take particular care to chuſe a fine ſhewy fellow---you may be in town---contrive it ſo, that one of the ſervants

may

may ſee him; upon that I will bring the action, and the divorce will follow the verdict as naturally, as my ſending in my bill after the buſineſs is compleated.

Sir Harry. But then, Qui Tam, there will be a legal proof of her incontinence.

Qui Tam. But conſider, Sir Harry, that after it is over, her Ladyſhip's innocence will appear, you will demonſtrate it by marrying her again---and then how popular you will be---you will have the pleaſure of laughing at the whole legiſlature, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Harry. Egad, I like this ſcheme---but faith, Qui Tam, I do not know a friend I could truſt on ſo ſacred a buſineſs---except yourſelf.

Qui Tam. Me, ha! ha! ha! Me be ſeen coming out of your Lady's chamber--Mercy upon me, the very thought throws me into an ague---indeed, Sir Harry, my appearance would nonſuit you in five minutes.

Sir Harry. Then I do not know any other gentleman whoſe honour I could depend upon.

Quitam. I have it, I have it---here it is---(*pointing to his forehead.*) I have at home a fine, tall, comely Iriſh clerk.

Sir Harry. An Iriſh clerk! and what then?

Qui Tam. Liſten, Sir Harry---liſten---I will have him dreſs'd like a gentleman, and he ſhall be ſeen coming out of Lady Harriet's chamber, about three in the morning---On the trial he ſhall appear in court, and if the jury had hardly any other ſenſe than that of ſeeing, you'll get a verdict.

Sir Harry. Really!---Well then, all that is neceſſary, is for him to be ſeen coming out of her room---Are you ſure that will do?

Quitam,

Quitam. Am I ſure! I do believe, if he was only ſeen knocking at the ſtreet door, it would be ſufficient.—Iriſhmen, Sir Harry, are the ſupport of Doctors-Commons.—He is a ſiſter's ſon of mine, and a pretty genius.—He lived in London before he came to me for near ſix months, and not one of his family could tell how.—He is the man, Sir Harry—you may depend upon his honour; he'd ſuffer death rather than do a miſchief in the family.

Sir Harry. Oh, I make no doubt; if he travels with his honour, I am certain of being ſafe.

Quitam. You are indeed—But, gadſo!—I have been too long from home. I will ſend Dennis to you, Sir Harry, immediately; he ſhall wait upon you in a ſuit of cloaths no ambaſſador need be aſhamed of.—Oh! he's a pretty fellow, and will do any thing for an honeſt bit of bread.

Sir Harry. Indeed, Mr. Quitam, ſo valuable a genius ought to be preſerved.—I would recommend it to you, my good friend, to make him a ward of the court of Chancery.

Quitam. Indeed!

Sir Harry. Certainly: How do you know, but ſome ſprightly female may run away with him? Theſe are deſperate times, Mr. Quitam; ha, ha, ha!

Quitam. So they are indeed, Sir Harry.—'Foregad! the women of late are grown ſo damned reſolute, that I fancy it would be prudent in *me* to take care of myſelf, ha, ha, ha!—But, Lord bleſs you! a court of *equity* has nothing to do with Dennis.

Sir Harry. I believe not indeed. *(Aſide.)*

Quitam. No, no, he's no infant—not he indeed—he jumpt from infancy to manhood the twenty-firſt of laſt October.

Sir Harry. Ha, ha!—I am glad to hear, Mr. Quitam, your Nephew has arrived at years of *diſcretion*.

Quitam. Diſcretion, quotha!—Oh, he's a pattern for prudence. As to his being carried off, I am under no concern about that; ſhe muſt be a thumper with a devil to it that could run away with Dennis.

Enter Servant.

If you are at leiſure, Sir, my lady would be glad to ſpeak with you.

Sir Harry. My beſt reſpects to lady Harriot; let her know I ſhall be with her preſently.

[*Exit Servant.*

Quitam. O Lord! Sir Harry, fly to lady Harriot; ſhe muſt be miſerable without you. What a loving ſoul! Pray, Sir Harry be gone.

Sir Harry. My worthy friend, farewell. (Damn'd ſcoundrel.) *Aſide, and exit.*

Quitam. Sir Harry, I am yours.—An innocent divorce! Ha, ha, ha! What a damn'd rogue it is!

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE, a PARLOUR.

Enter Mrs. ANNASEED *and* BIDDY.

Biddy.

INDEED, Madam, I have told you the truth; I liſtened all the time; and the lawyer has contrived a way to divorce them for crim. con.

Mrs. Annaſeed. You are a good girl, Biddy, and I will reward you. But who is this Crim. Con.?

Biddy. Madam, he is an Iriſhman, and clerk to old Quitam the attorney.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Mercy on me! I never heard of ſuch a diabolical buſineſs. What's to be done, Biddy?

Biddy. I wiſh I knew, Madam; I'm ſure I'd tell you. Suppoſe, Madam, you meet this fellow; he'll be here preſently; and let him know as how, Madam, you will ſend him to priſon—frighten him, Madam,—frighten him.

Mrs. Annaſeed. So I will, Biddy; I'll ſend him home with a flea in his ear, I warrant you. I expect the French gentleman every moment, Biddy, recommended by my friend Mrs. Prattle; he is a maſter of

all languages, and teaches people to ſpeak French they ſay in a month.—Shew him in the moment he comes, and pray take care, child, to behave very politely to him.

Biddy. Don't you fear me, Madam. [*Knocking without.*] I ſuppoſe, Madam, this is he.

Mrs. Annaſeed. See, Biddy;—run, run, and open the door. [*Biddy goes to the door.*

Biddy. As ſure as a gun, Madam, it's the French gentleman; I know it by his dreſs.

Mrs. Annaſeed. I'll retire, Biddy, and be properly announced. Shew him in—ſhew him in.

[*Exit Mrs. Annaſeed.*

[*Biddy opens the door.*]

Enter Dennis Dogherty *with a ſword, and humming a tune.*

Dennis. Is the gentleman who belongs to this houſe at home?

Biddy. No, Sir; but the Gentleman who this houſe belongs to is at home.

Dennis. Well, it's the ſame thing, you know. Why, you little divil, you have a mind to be comical. Will you tell the Gentleman that Dennis Dogherty, Eſq; wants to commune with him; [*Takes out a ſnuff-box and handles it awkwardly*] if he's diſengaged, I'll wait till he's at leiſure.

Biddy. Faith, a good likely fellow! [*Aſide*] Who, Sir, ſhall I ſay wants him?

Dennis. Dennis Dogherty, Eſquire—and harky'e, my

my ſweet crature, take this for your pains. [*Kiſſes her.*]

Biddy. Lord, Sir, it's you who have a mind to be comical.

Dennis. Not at all—it's a way I have.

Biddy. I'll deliver your meſſage, Sir.

[*Exit* Biddy.

Dennis. Oh, you're a good crature! [*Hums a tune, and views himſelf*] Oh, to be ſure I'm not the thing.

Re-enter Biddy.

Biddy. I forgot the name, Sir, before I got to the foot of the ſtairs.

Dennis. How could you help it? Dennis Dogherty, Eſquire—and now I'll ſeal it up in your mouth, and then you won't loſe it. [*Kiſſes her*]

Biddy. Lord, Sir, you make one ſo aſhamed. My maſter, Sir, is buſy; but my miſtreſs is at home—will ſhe do, Sir?

Dennis. Will ſhe do? Oh, to be ſure ſhe won't! Indeed ſhe will, my pretty little crature. [*Exit* Biddy] Well, to be ſure, if I'm to have many of theſe commiſſions, I ſhall like the profeſſion of the law of all things. I am to be ſeen coming out of a Lady's chamber about three in the morning, and that's all—Why I cannot walk out of it, without I'm once in it; and I am yet to larn how I'm to get there. This uncle of mine is a great rogue—may be he wants to get my bones broke—but no matter—there is a Lady in the caſe, and Dennis Dogherty never flinch'd from the

the dear cratures. Oh, here ſhe comes. I ought to have ſtudied a ſpeech for her; but as good a one may come of itſelf. I wiſh I could make as genteel a bow as I did at the ball laſt Tueſday. [*Endeavours to bow with a grace.*]

Enter Mrs. Annaſeed.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Sir, I am your moſt humble and moſt obſequous obedient ſervant.

Dennis. Madam, I'm your's alſo. I wonder what old tabby has to do in the buſineſs. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Annaſeed. I think he's the beſt looking Frenchman I ever ſaw. *Aſide.*] Sit down, Sir—Pray, Sir, ſit down.

Dennis. Sit down, Madam!—Oh, to be ſure I won't—Indeed I will. [*Draws a chair*] Sit down yourſelf, Madam, and I'll pop myſelf down by you. [*Sits*] Dennis never was baſhful upon theſe occaſions. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Annaſeed. The French are remarkable, I'm told, for their *fummiliar* eaſy behaviour. [*Aſide*] My friend, Mrs. Prattle, tells me, Sir, you teach French better than any gentleman ſhe ever ſaw, and I wiſh to learn with all convenient diſpatch.

Dennis. What, Madam?

Mrs. Annaſeed. My friend tells me, Sir, you taught her French in a month; I vow I could not have thought it.

Dennis. Why, what the divil! Does the crature take me for a ſoup-maigre? What is all this! *Aſide.*] Upon my word, Madam—

Mrs.

Mrs. Annaſeed. How modeſt he is! *Aſide*] Pray, Sir, what part of France was you born in?

Dennis. Well, to be ſure this is too much! [*Aſide, ſmothers a laugh*] What part of France? Myſelf can't help laughing if I was to be hang'd on the ſpot. [*Smothers a laugh*] What part of France?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Yes, Sir, what part of the kingdom?

Dennis. Oh, yes, Madam; yes, yes.—What part of France! Oh, I underſtand you, Madam. Why, Madam, I was born in the town of Glaſſmoughonogue in the province of Glaſſnevin.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Glaſſmononogue—alas! Sir, I can't ſpeak French; but I ſuppoſe you'll ſoon make me do it.

Dennis. The crature takes me for a French ſchoolmaſter, ha! ha! I'll humour the joke to ſee what will come of it. *Aſide*] Oh, yes, Madam, you'll get your tongue about it by-and-by.

Mrs. Annaſeed. With a little of your inſtruction, Sir, I don't deſpair. Pray, Sir, accept of your entrance-money. [*Gives him two guineas.*

Dennis. Two guineas! Well, to be ſure I'm not in luck to-day. *Aſide*] Suppoſe, Madam, I give you the firſt leſſon now.

Mrs. Annaſeed. With all my heart, Sir. What a good-looking foreigner he is! [*Aſide.*

Dennis. But firſt tell me, Madam—did you ever hear French ſpoke properly in all your life?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Me, Sir! Lord, Sir, not I! How cou'd

cou'd I? buried here in this hole all my life. To tell you the truth, Mr.—be ſo good, Sir, as to favour me with your name.

Dennis. My name, Madam! Oh, tunder! what ſhall I do now? *Aſide.*] Why, Madam, my name is Mountſier Dennis Dogherty, at your ſarvice.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Why then, Mr. Dogberry, to tell you the truth, I never heard French ſpoke in all my life.

Dennis. —Oh, my huggintheelough!

Mrs. Annaſeed. Huggo—What, Sir?

Dennis. That's French, Madam, for my ſhare of the world! Oh, you'll be up to it in a month. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Mr. Dogberry, pray tell me what is the French for How do you do?

Dennis. I'll teach the crature Iriſh—She won't know the difference, ha! ha! *Aſide.*] How do you do? Why, Madam, you muſt ſay, Goodthdemartatuth?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Goode—ta—tu, I fancy, Sir, French is a difficult language to attain perfectly.

Dennis. Oh dear, Madam, keep up your ſpirits.

Mrs. Annaſeed. I'll try, Sir.

Dennis. Then, Madam, the other parſon will ſay Slaungauramaughagoodth.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Slanmaglagood.—Lord, Sir, that word is enough to choak one.—I don't think I ſhall be able to ſpeak French theſe three months.

Dennis. Oh, I'll be bound you will; in a month you'll ſpeak it as well as myſelf. (*Aſide, laugh.*) I'll be with you, Madam, day and night till I compleat you.

Mrs. Annaſeed

Mrs. Annaſeed. I'm much obliged to you, good Sir, but I have a certain reaſon for thinking that I had better decline learning French at preſent—our family—

[*They riſe.*

Dennis. My dear cratiure, I've hard——

Mrs. Annaſeed. No doubt, all the world have heard about the curs'd lawyer's tricks, and how he has ſchemed: only think, Mr. Dogberry, what I muſt feel upon this melancholy occaſion. Believe me, Sir, I intended to leave this family fifty thouſand pounds at leaſt.

Dennis. Fifty thouſand pounds! O tunder! (*Aſide.*) (*adjuſts his dreſs, and walks up to her with an air.*) Have you got fifty thouſand pounds, Madam?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Yes, Sir; and, as I intended never to marry, the whole of my fortune would have been my nephew's, Sir Harry Trifle—but—

Dennis. But you do intend to marry, I hope? I applaud your determination, Madam; you'd then have ſome ſweet little cratures of your own to provide for—Well ſaid, Dennis. (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Annaſeed. You flatter me, Mr. Dogberry.—He is certainly a modeſt, ſenſible man. (*Aſide.*)

Dennis. The cratiure looks tinder—Fifty thouſand pounds! Courage, Dennis. (*Aſide.*) [*Goes up to her with great ſolemnity.*] I wiſh I knew how to do or ſay any thing that would oblige you, Madam; you need only ſay, Dennis, do ſo, and I would do it in a crack.

Mrs. Annaſeed. How polite the French are!

[*Aſide.*

Dennis. She's tinder-hearted, I ſee. (*Aſide.*) I think, Madam, you was talking juſt now about marriage. (*Takes her hand, and looks tenderly.*)

Mrs. Annaſeed. Was I? And what then, Sir?

Dennis. Why, Madam—nothing at all. (*Pretends to weep.*) I wiſh I could cry. (*Aſide.*)

Mrs. Annaſeed. Tears! What can this mean? I muſt pity him. (*Aſide.*) Sir! Mr. Dennis Dogberry!

Dennis. Oh, Mrs. Annaſeed, you have murder'd me!

Mrs. Annaſeed. Murder you, Mr. Dogberry? Mercy upon me! I murder you—how—where—when?

Dennis. Madam, don't axe me—But, in a word, will you take Dennis Dogherty for life? Say no, and you ſhall ſee me this moment paſpire at your feet.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Heaven forbid! Stop, ſtop, Mr. Dogberry; don't faint until I come: I'll run for the hartſhorn.

Dennis. Oh, Madam, don't plague yourſelf; it will be all over with me in a few moments.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Oh, mercy upon me! [*Runs out.*

Dennis. Well, to be ſure I'm a divil of a Dennis, ha, ha, ha! I kill the cratures before they know what's the matter with them, ha! ha! But where's the chicken gone to? No matter; if ſhe's in Europe, I'll find her out. Fifty thouſand pounds, O tunder!

[*Exit.*

SCENE, Lady Harriet's Dreſſing Room.

Sir Harry *and* Lady Harriet *diſcovered, in an indolent Poſture, ſitting on a Sopha, with ſeveral News Papers before them.*

Sir Harry. My dear Harriet.

Lady

Lady Harriet. What ſay you, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. This breathing in the country, for we cannot call it living, is intolerable. Oh, London, London! Dear, dear London!

Lady Harriet. For ſhame, Sir Harry; cannot you enjoy the paſtoral but in poetry? How often have I heard you dwell with raptures on the manners of the Golden Age, and ſigh for a cottage on the bewitching plains of Arcadia! A flock of ſheep, your pipe, and your Phillis, were your conſtant themes.

Sir Harry. The Golden Age, my dear Harriet, was a valuable æra, it is true; and it muſt be confeſſed we have degenerated into a——

Lady Harriet. A brazen age—you were going to ſay, I ſuppoſe; ha, ha!

Sir Harry. You have hit it, my dear Harriet. Paſtoral life is agreeable in fancy, and the poets have ſo heightened the ſcene, that ſometimes one would be led to prefer the cloathing of our firſt parents, to the elegant decorations of a Pariſian taylor; but, alas! how little did Theocritus know of Groſvenor-ſquare, or Taſſo the bewitching circle of Drury-lane Theatre!

Lady Harriet. (Takes up a news paper, and looks over it careleſsly.) Indeed, Sir Harry, if it were not for the news-papers, there would be no ſuch thing as bearing this rurality, as my Aunt calls it.—The theatres have opened, I ſee.

Sir Harry. (Reads a paper.) Oh yes, ſome time. I always paſs over the battles, ſieges, political ſpeculations, parliamentary debates, and ſuch nonſenſe, in order to get at the theatrical intelligence.

Lady Harriet. I hav'n't found an elopement for ſome

time; one would imagine the times were mended.—I ſuppoſe, when our Divorce comes on, we ſhall have it handſomely in the papers.

Sir Harry. Moſt certainly; our manœuvre will furniſh a quantity of matter for the whole neſt of paragraphical ſpiders; the theme is prolific, and they'll ſpin you a column a day for ſix weeks together: a Dutchman could not fail of being witty on ſuch a ſubject.

Lady Harriot. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I ſhall be delighted to read them; there's ſomething extremely pleaſant, Sir Harry, in ſeeing one's ſelf in print, ha, ha!

Sir Harry. *(Looking over the papers.)* What a curſed heap of ſtuff is here! Three columns crammed with intelligence from Guildhall—a city feaſt—and trials at the Old Bailey! *(Throws the papers away in a paſſion: they riſe).* Dulneſs is infectious, and we may catch the diſtemper.—Let us have ſome muſic, my dear Harriet—ſing me the laſt new ſong—the one, I mean, ſet by Crotchet, about your lover ſtraying:—You know what I mean.

Lady Harriet. What! the one beginning with—"Ye gentle ſtrains?"

Sir Harry. The ſame.—Damn it, I ſhall turn fool, and get fond of my wife. I muſt take care of that. *[Aſide.*

Lady Harriet. Well, ſince you will have it ſo.

SONG.

Come, gentle ſtrains, to me impart
A kind relief from cruel love;
Ah! ſoftly ſteal upon the heart,
And fill my ſoul with thoughts above.

II.

The ſwain I love is gone aſtray,
Careleſs he roves the valley free;
With other nymphs he ſpends the day,
But never, never thinks of me.

III.

His vows were conſtancy and truth,
As oft we ſtray'd thro' yonder grove;—
I'll baniſh quite the perjur'd youth—
And yet, alas! I fear I love.

Enter Biddy.

Biddy. Madam, ſupper is on the table.

Sir Harry (handing out Lady Harriet.) Come, Harriet, let us beguile the time. *(Sings as they retire.)*

Lady Harriet.

" Thou'rt ſtill the object of my heart,
" Think what thou will of me, Harry."

[*Exeunt.*

Biddy. Well, how polite my maſter is!—Lord! people part now without cutting one another's throats. " Let us diſguiſe the time." *(Imitates him.)* Dear me! how charmingly things are changed!

SONG.

Good Lord, how the ſeaſons are vary'd!
I've heard of the time
When 'twas reckon'd a crime
To part with the wife
That was wedded for life;
But now, when a couple are marry'd,

They're

They're ſo mighty well bred,
That they lounge to their bed,
For each other not caring a feather;
For one night they lay,
Both wiſhing for day,
And repenting they ere come together.

II.

Then next morn they no longer can tarry;
And, tho' fond they appear,
With, My love, and, My dear,
Yet, their friends being gone,
The fond pair left alone,
Says Sir George, Madam, by the lord Harry,
I ſingle muſt lie,
Or, 'foregad! I ſhall die;
Says my lady, I care not a feather.—
Next comes the Divorce,
As a matter of courſe;
Thus they ſcarce live a fortnight together.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, a Hall.

Enter Tom, meeting Biddy.

Biddy. Tom, oh, Tom! you are the very man I wanted.

Tom. I always thought ſo—But what's the matter?

Biddy. What's the matter! why, do you know, Tom, that old Madam Annaſeed is going to run away with a Frenchman?

Tom. A Frenchman!

Biddy.

Biddy. I wiſh I may die an old maid but it's true! He came here this precious day, dreſſed in a kind of a—I don't know what—ſuch a figure! Mercy upon me!

Tom. A Frenchman! Why, Biddy, my love, that's our Dennis; he was ſent here by my maſter, on law buſineſs, and I'm ſent to know what keeps him.

Biddy. Well, hang me, Tom, but I thought he was an Iriſhman—he was ſo deviliſh fond of kiſſing a body.

Tom. Biddy, Biddy! you have bother'd me, as Dennis ſays.

Biddy. They have retired to a room next the terras: I followed them, and put my ear cloſe to the key-hole; and, would you believe it? I heard them agree to elope this very night. She's to be in the temple, at the bottom of the garden, about ten o'clock, for the purpoſe.

Tom. Why then I'll perſonate this Iriſhman, and run away with Madam Annaſeed. Do you meet Dennis with a maſk, and elope; in the hurry he will not diſcover the miſtake; however, it will remove him from the garden, and complete the buſineſs.

Biddy. Oh, Tom, Tom! until this moment I thought you was a blockhead.—About it, about it—"My ſoul's in arms, and eager for the prey."

[*Exit Tom.*

SCENE, *the garden, by moonlight.*

Enter Dennis, *ſinging.*

How pretty Luna the moon ſhines upon me! He knows I'm in purſuit of fifty thouſand pounds, and, like a good-natured friend, holds a lanthorn to me. What

what a ſweet thought that is! I do believe, Dennis, you was born a poet; there is not a tree, nor a buſh, nor a pigſtye that comes acroſs me, but what my ideas are all at work.—Well, to be ſure, Dennis, the divil is in you. But why can't you be aſy, and let the dear cratures be happy? no you won't, no you won't. Well, I am a wicked divil, and that's the truth on't—But here's the timple where my goddeſs dwells; I'll axe whether ſhe's at home or not? (*Knocks at the temple, it opens, and Mrs. Annaſeed comes out muffled.*)

Mrs. Annaſeed. Let us begone, Mr. Dogberry, let us begone.

Dennis. Stop, my dear crature; have you brought away the caſh with you?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Yes, yes—I've taken care of that—I'll put all my affairs into your hands.

Dennis. Oh! to be ſure I won't take care of them; let us run as if the divil was in us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tom, *diſguiſed.*

If this witch of Endor be punctual to her time, I can tell my own fortune without troubling her to do it—Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Biddy *diſguiſed.*

Mr. Dennis, Mr. Dennis, I'm all over of a *trimble.*

Tom (imitating the brogue.) Here I am, body and ſoul of me.

Biddy. Where ſhall we fly, Mr. Doggery; where ſhall we fly?

Tom. Fly into theſe arms, my dear *crature.* (*They diſcover each other.*)

Biddy. The devil! Tom—oh, diſtraction!

Tom. Biddy! oh, damnation! we're undone.

Biddy. You blundering blockhead! here now, you would have run away with me, if I had not at the firſt *touch* diſcovered you was not the Iriſhman.

Tom. Here's a trick, Biddy. I ſuppoſe he has eloped with the old devil—aye——there's the temple open!

Biddy. Let us alarm the family; my conſcience will not permit me to ſee the family-fortune given away in ſuch a manner.

Tom. That's right, Biddy—my conſcience is on the rack too. And yet, Biddy, ſtop a moment; let me have one kiſs by moonlight.

Biddy. The fellow's mad—Fire! Murder! Robbery!

Tom. Raviſhment! Thunder! Fire!

[*Exeunt* Tom *and* Biddy.

SCENE the laſt. *Quitam's houſe.*

Enter Quitam *and* Timothy.

Quitam. Well, Timothy; have you ſent the execution into the parſon's houſe?

Tim. Yes, Sir.

Quitam. That's a good lad—has the Sheriff ſold the goods?

Tim. No, Sir.

Quitam. What's the reaſon?

Tim. He ſays he will not levy until the return of the writ; and then, if the poor parſon cannot diſcharge the debt, he will.

Quitam. I don't care who pays it, ſo I get the debt and coſts. Mr. Worthy is no more fit to be a Sheriff than I to be a Cardinal.

Tim. Sir Harry Trifle's Black is below, Sir, and wants to ſpeak to you.

Quitam. Shew him up.

[*Exit* Tim.

Enter Timothy *and a* Black.

Ah, Sambo, how do you do?

Sambo. Pretty well, I tank you, Maſſa—me want a little of your advice, Maſſa.

Quitam. You! what advice can you want, Sambo?

Sambo. Why, Maſſa, me want to be divorced.

Quitam. Divorced!

Sambo. Yes, Maſſa—me want to marry a pretty white woman.

Quitam. You do! Timothy, hand me my cane—I'll break this ſcoundrel's ſooty noddle for him.

Sambo. Pretty white woman, Maſſa—and here I have brought you my year's wages—ten guinea. *(Gives him a purſe.)*

Quitam. Here, Timothy; you may lay by the cane.—So then, Sambo, you want to be in the faſhionable world, I ſee?

Sambo. Oh, yes, Maſſa, I ſhould like to be a Man of Faſhion, of all tings.

Quitam. Well, well, I'll look into the Black Act, and ſee what can be done for you.

Sambo. Tank'e, Maſſa; *(going)* how long do you tink, Maſſa, it will be, before I can turn away my old wife?

Quitam. Call in a week, Sambo, and I'll tell you.—Timothy, ſhew the black Gentleman down ſtairs.

[*Exeunt* Timothy *and* Sambo.

Let me ſee—what ſays the law upon this occaſion?—If

a woman commits adultery, ſhe ſhall be put away from her huſband—True—but if a black woman commits adultery, ſhall ſhe be parted from her huſband? Why not? A woman's a woman—black or not black—Yes, yes, that's certain—but blacks in this country have no money, and there's no being divorced without money—What can this fellow be about? This is not the night fix'd for the buſineſs—he has got, I ſuppoſe, with ſome of his dear cratures, as he calls them.

Enter Dennis *(tipſey.)*

Dennis. Servant, old Jontleman—To be ſure I hav'n't the crature below ſtairs. *(Aſide.)*

Quitam. What kept you, raſcal! did not I command you to return two hours ago?

Dennis. Hark ye, ſirrah—they ſay you are my uncle: I don't think ſo—It's faſhionable to deny one's relations, when we get a good fortune. I've got a little ſup in my noddle, but no matter for that. *(Aſide)*

Quitam. The fellow is drunk—I tell you, ſcoundrel, I'll have you put in the ſtocks to-morrow morning.

Dennis. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you old blockhead, I'm there already, ha! ha! I've got fifty thouſand pounds there faſt enough, ha! ha!

Quitam. This fellow's *non compos*—you ſhall be ſent to bedlam, ſirrah.

Dennis. I'll ſurpriſe this old raſcal—Hark ye! if you'll promiſe not to jump out of your old ſkin for joy, I'll tell you ſome good news.

Quitam. What the devil is the fellow about now?

Dennis. Don't be fooliſh, but liſten to Dennis Dog-

herty—*(whiſpers.)* I have run away with old Mouſer from Sir Harry Trifle's.

Quitam. Old Mouſer!

Dennis. Yes, the old aunt, who has got her traſh-bag full of bank notes.

Quitam. What! old Madam Annaſeed?

Dennis. The ſame—ſhe's now below in the kitchen, drying herſelf—the crature's rather dirty after the walk; but I have done the thing clean enough, for all that, ha! ha!

Quitam. Marry her, Dennis, inſtantly.

Dennis. Ha! ha! Oh, you old blockhead, it's done already. I call'd in my way for the purpoſe, ha! ha!

Quitam. Lal de ral, lal de ral, my dear nephew, *(embraces him)* lal de ral. Oh! I ſhall run diſtracted!

Dennis. Yes; I knew I'd bother you.

Quitam. Bother me! you have indeed, Dennis!

Dennis. Don't call me Dennis, I bid you.

Quitam. I'll call you whatever you pleaſe—You ſhall be Lord Dogherty—Damme, you ſhall be Pope if you will—you have more money than the whole Conclave.

Dennis. Ha! ha! Good again, old codger! ha! ha! Well, to be ſure I'd make a divil of a Pope, ha! ha! To ſee me handing out my great toe to all my old acquaintance, ha! ha! But what wou'd I do with the dear cratures? tell me that.

Quitam. Oh, Dennis, Dennis, I ſhall run mad with joy—What noiſe is that? [*Loud knocking.*

Enter Mrs. Annaſeed.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Save me, Mr. Dogberry; you are my protector now.

Dennis. My life's joy, don't ſhake ſo;—put yourſelf under my wings,

Enter

Enter Sir Harry *and* Lady Harriet.

Sir Harry. Oh, here is the good uncle and the hopeful nephew in deep conſultation. Give up my aunt this moment, or I'll ſet fire to this diabolical ſty, you old raſcal—you have contrived this.

Quitam. Lord have mercy upon me! What! are you come to murder me in my own houſe?

Dennis. Harky'e, Mr. Sir Harry Trifle! don't diſturb the pace of an honeſt family, or—[*points to his ſword.*] Know all men by theſe preſents, that this lady is now my wife.

Mrs. Annaſeed. Yes, I own it;—I am now Mrs. Dog—My dear, ſpeak my name for me.

Dennis. Her name's Dogherty. [*Very loud*] There's nothing trifling about that, Sir Harry.

Mrs. Annaſeed. No more of your grinning, Madam; I did not marry for a name, but a huſband—and it's with pleaſure I confeſs that I was ſtruck at firſt ſight with the gentleneſs and graceful manner of this dear deluder. [*All laugh.*

Lady Harriet. Ha, ha, ha!—A dear deluder!—Mercy upon me! ha, ha!

Dennis. Don't mind them, Mrs. Dogherty; they are only envious of your good fortune.

Mrs. Annaſeed. So they are, my life! But don't think, becauſe my huſband's a French gentleman, you ſhall impoſe upon him. [*All laugh.*

Sir Harry. A French gentleman! ha, ha!—A bog-trotter, ha, ha!

Quitam. A Frenchman! Dennis Dogherty a Frenchman! ha, ha!

Lady Harriet. The name's Gothic, it muſt be confeſſed, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs.

Mrs. Annaſeed. O Lord, I'm all of a tremble. Mr. Dogberry, are you not a French gentleman? Was you not born in Glaſſmonanogue?

Dennis. Indeed and I was—but we had better ſay no more on that ſubject. What the divil ſignifies where a man was born, you know?

Mrs. Annaſeed. Very true, my life!

Dennis. My country is no diſgrace to me, and you ſhall find I'll be no diſgrace to my country.—So let us leave them to their laughs and their ſneers. We have got the fortune, my dear crature, and in my opinion that's the beſt part of the joke.

Mrs. Annaſeed. You are right, Mr. Dogberry; let us retire, and leave them to themſelves. [Dennis *takes her by the hand.*]

Dennis. Mr. Sir Harry Trifle, I am your moſt obſequous, [*Bows*] Madam, your's alſo, [*Bows*] and if you behave properly, I don't know but what we may condeſcend to paſs a month with you.

Quitam. What an air of dignity my nephew has! Don't be out of humour, Sir Harry, I have another clerk at your ſervice—I make no doubt—

Sir Harry. Get out of my ſight this moment! thou —— And as to you, Sir, I never deſire to ſee your face again.

Dennis. Upon my ſoul, Sir Harry, I ſhall be perfectly at eaſe if I never ſee your countenance again. [*Goes up with ſolemnity*] But remember, Sir, it was at your expreſs deſire I viſited your family—think of that, and avoid bluſhing if you can. As to you, Madam, be aſſured the accident that made my fortune ſaved you from ruin.

Sir Harry. Do you hear that, Lady Harriet?

Lady

Lady Harriet. Do you hear that, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. I do, and am indeed confounded: but come, Harriet, the folly of this adventure may prove a uſeful leſſon.—We have both been much to blame, and this unlucky marriage of my aunt's may be fairly conſidered a juſt correction for our imprudence. Let us therefore return home, and learn to paſs our future days in conjugal felicity.

Lady Harriet. With all my heart.

Sir Harry. Order the coach—but firſt, let us bid our beſt friends good-night.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

Lady Triſle, *with Thomſon's Seaſons in her hand.*

MY Spouſe, poor man, has bid you all good night,
Has had the laſt word—Ladies, is that right?
Tho' for a Spouſe our Liberties we barter,
In this we ſtill preſerve the Female Charter.
Shall we reſign what our Great Grandames gave,
A right they gain'd—ſupported to the grave?
I ſay, no,—and I'll produce my reaſons—
But ſoft—what ſays the author of the Seaſons?
But happy they, the happieſt of their kind,
Whom gentle ſtars unite, and in one mind
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,
The faithful Wife, the Huſband, and the Friend.
The Gods cement their union from above,
Attuning all their paſſions into Love:
No jealous, ſordid paſſions they endure;
Love anſwers love, and renders bliſs ſecure.

LA

Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, ah! never feels content,
From ſordid Parents buy the loathing Fair,
Well merited conſume his nights in care,
While theſe whom Love cements ne'er ſhed a tear;
But free as nature live, diſdaining fear;
Survey the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
See goodneſs, honour, harmony, and grace,
Whatever fair high fancy forms be given,
The richeſt bounties of indulgent Heaven:
A ſmiling Offspring ſoon increaſe their joys;
The Mother views the Father in her Boys.
The Sire, enraptur'd with the Mother's bliſs,
Sends Fanny, as his proxy, with a kiſs.
Then infant Reaſon grows—and ſeems to aſk
A Parent's tender care—Delightful taſk!
To rear the tender thought, and from the root
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction, and to reſt
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Such joys as theſe are ſanction'd from above;
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love.

Thus ſung the Bard, immortal Thomſon ſung;
These truths divine came mended from his tongue:
Convinc'd by him, now Reaſon holds her ſway,
And guides my wand'ring thoughts the proper way.
Ladies, your pardon; truſt me, I'll be true;
I'll be what Thomſon ſung—I'll copy you.

FINIS.